

The Historie

Hotsp. My liege, I did denie no prisoners;
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreme toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a bridegroomé, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubble land at harvest home,
He was perfuméd like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his nose, and took't away againe;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in fuffe, and still he smild and talkt:
And as the souldiours bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a flouely vnhandsome coarfe
Betwixt the wild and his nobilitie;
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes
He questioned me, amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestred with a Poppingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad;
To see him shine so bruske, and smell so sweete,
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God saue the markes;
And telling me the soueraignest thing on earth,
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruise,
And that it was great pitie, so it was,
This villanous saltpreeter, should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,
He would himselfe haue bene a souldiour.
This bald vniointed chat of his (my Lord)
I answered indirectly (as I said)

And

of Hen

And I beseech you, let not
Come currant for an accusa
Betwixt my loue and your h

Blunt. The circumstance
What e're *Harry Percy* then
To such a person, and in fact
At such a time, with all the
May reasonably die, and ne
To doe him wrong, or any v
What then he said, so he vnt

King. Why yet he dot
But with prouiso and excep
That we at our owne charge
His brother in law, the foolis
Who on my soule, hath wilfi
The lines of those, that he did
Against that great Magitian
Whose daughter as we heare
Hath satly married; shall our
Be emptied to redeeme a tra
Shall we buy treason? and in
When they haue lost and fo
No, on the barren mountai
For I shall neuer hold that m
Whose tongue shall aske me
To ransom home reuolted M

Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my sou
But by the chance of war; to
Needs no more but one tong
Those mouthed wounds wh
When on the gentle *Seuern*
In single opposition hand to h
He did confound the best par
In changing hardiment with
Three times they breathd, &
Vpon agreement of swift *Seu*
Who then affrighted with the